



## Social Poetry

### NOTHING AT ALL IN THE PAPER TO-DAY.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day!  
Only a madder somewhere or other—  
A girl who has put her child away,  
Not being a wife as well as a mother.  
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,  
With the neighbors lying awake to listen;  
So-ro-are he has taken a life  
Till in the window the drowsy glister.  
But that is all in the regular way,  
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.  
Nothing at all in the paper to-day!  
To be sure there's a woman died of starva-  
tion,  
Fell down in the street as so many may  
In this prosperous Christian nation.  
Or two young girls with some inward grief  
Haddened, have plunged into the inky wa-  
ters.  
Or a father has learned that his son's a thief—  
Or a mother has been robbed of one of her  
daughters.  
Things that occur in the regular way,  
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.  
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day,  
Unless you care about the things in the city—  
How great riches for their crimes must  
pay.  
(Though all gentility cries out "pity!")  
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till—  
There's a case to-day if I am not forgetting,  
The lad only "borrowed" as such lads will—  
To pay some money he lost in betting.  
But there's nothing in this that's out of the  
way—  
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.  
Nothing at all in the paper to-day,  
But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and  
marriages,  
But life's events in the old survey,  
With virtue begging, and vice in carriages!  
And kindly brains under ermine gowns,  
And wicked brains under bodden gray,  
For goodness belongs not only to cloths,  
And o'er others than lords does sin bear  
away.  
But what do I read?—"Drowned" wrecked?  
Did I see?

### WAS THIS THE REAL HEIR TO THE FRENCH THRONE?

After the execution of Louis XVI. in January, 1793, his son, the Dauphin, who was then a bright, intelligent boy of eight years of age, was recognized by the European courts and by the Vendean chiefs as King of France under the title of Louis XVII. The royal family were then imprisoned in an old fortress in Paris called the Temple; but in the following July the young Prince was torn from the arms of his mother and carried to a remote part of the building, where he was placed under the control of a shoemaker named Simon. He was treated by his jailer with unvarying cruelty and neglect. From July, 1793, until the end of the Reign of Terror in 1794 he was kept in solitary confinement in his cell, from which the light and air were shut out. His clothing was unchanged for over a year and his bed was not made up for months. He was fed scantily and given stagnant water to drink.

After Simon had been guillotined in 1794 the rigor of the Dauphin's imprisonment was somewhat relaxed. In May, 1795, a physician who was called in pronounced him to be dying of scrofula; and it is said that he died on June 12. On the day following his death we are told that his body was identified and certified to by four members of the Committee of Safety and some distinguished physicians held an autopsy on the body before its interment in the cemetery of St. Marguerite.

A case is now attracting the attention of the Court of Appeals in Paris, in which Jules Favre appears for the claimants; and this case depends entirely upon the question whether the Dauphin really died in the Temple or not. M. Favre contends that in accordance with a plot of Barras, the President of the Directory, and some of the members of the convention, such as Camille Desmoulins and Mathieu, Louis XVII was rescued from the prison by substituting the body of another child, and that he lived until 1845, and was known by the name of Charles William Naundorff. The present case is an appeal from the decision of the tribunal of the Seine in 1851, against the claim of Naundorff on the grounds that from August 10, 1792, until 1795, the Temple was so strictly watched that the alleged substitution could not have taken place; that Naundorff's ignorance of the French language up to 1832 sufficed to refute his alleged origin and that had the story of the escape been true, some of the participants in it would have revealed the secret after the Restoration in 1814. The appellants are Naundorff's son, Count Albert de Bourbons, and his eldest daughter, Amelia. The Count is forty-five, and has the genuine Bourbon look. His sister, who is now forty-two, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette.

Naundorff's story was that after the escape from the Temple he was kept for years in seclusion by his friends, at one time in a chateau and afterward in prison, and that afterward he traveled in England and in Italy. There seems to be no doubt that he was in Berlin when about twenty-five years of age, where he followed the occupation of a watchmaker, and that when summoned before the police authorities he declared himself to be the Dauphin. The Prussian authorities sent him to Spandau, where he lived in obscurity, still pursuing the same occupation, and here in 1816 he married a merchant's daughter named Frederike Heintz. After the Restoration in France he wrote to the Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI, recalling to her mind the incidents of the

flight of that monarch and his family to Varennes in 1791. This letter was never answered. In 1817 he intrusted a French officer with a mission to the King of France, to hand over certain papers were to be delivered. The officer was never heard from, nor were these papers ever returned. After the birth of a daughter in 1819, Naundorff wrote as follows to the Duchess d'Angoulême, his supposed sister:

"I do not dare to give her your name, for it would recall to me a past too cruel. It would preserve in memory the details of the unhappy journey to Varennes. Who would have said that so many years afterward I should give to my first child the name of Amelia borne by you during that journey?"

The Duchess did not reply. Naundorff wrote to the Prussian Minister of the Interior, signing the letter "Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy," and saying: "In case you leave this letter unanswered, I shall find some way of approaching the King, for the truth has nothing to fear."

From Spandau Naundorff was sent to Brandenburg, where he was imprisoned on a charge of being engaged in coloring counterfeit money, and there his jailer became convinced that he was the true Dauphin. After this he was sent to Croissen, in Saxony, by the Prussian authorities.

The police magistrate at Croissen, Herr Pesold, became an ardent friend and advocate of the exile. In his behalf Pesold wrote letters to Louis XVIII, Charles X., and the Duchess d'Angoulême, and petitioned the Prussian Government to restore Naundorff's confiscated papers. This was not done, and when Pesold died in 1832 the Government seized all of Naundorff's papers in his possession.

In 1833 the claimant came to Paris, where he sought to obtain some recognition of his identity. His efforts were unsuccessful, the Duchess d'Angoulême and most of the Bourbons refusing to see or talk with him. It is now urged in his behalf that all of those who could be termed judges of the truth of his story, after having seen him, pronounced in his favor. Among these were Madame de Rambaud, who had been in the Dauphin's service from his birth until the arrest of the royal family in August, 1792; M. de Madame Marco de St. Hilaire; M. de Bremond, secretary of Louis XVI; M. Joly, late Minister of Justice of Louis XVI; M. de Monciel, another of the King's Cabinet; Dr. Caro, the Duchess d'Angoulême's physician; Bolot, the old lamp lighter of the Temple; M. Morel de St. Didier, who had been told by M. de la Roche Aymon of the escape from the Temple, the latter having obtained the information at the Prussian Court; M. de Lindenau, Minister of the Interior in Saxony; the Archbishop of Tours, and others. These witnesses in the alleged Prince's behalf founded their faith on his resemblance to the royal boy they had known, and on the minute historical circumstances recalled by him in conversation.

Naundorff was expelled from France in 1836, after having cited the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême to appear before the Tribunal of the Seine. Nine years later he died at Delft, and his death was then entered on the civil register as that of "Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette." He left a book on "The Misfortunes of the Dauphin," containing the particulars of the escape from the Temple.

M. Jules Favre is assisted on the present trial by M. Grunau de la Barre, who has been for years a devoted believer in the Naundorff claim, and by a Rotterdam advocate named Van Buren. It is urged by these gentlemen that had Naundorff been an ordinary impostor he would have been summarily prosecuted and disposed of by the Prussian Government instead of being carefully watched for years by its orders.

The case is certainly one of rare interest, and one which can hardly be settled by this trial. Very probably the archives of Prussia might shed some light upon the whole story as would explain the mystery and tell who Naundorff really was.

HONESTY.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend gentleman was appointed judge of the respective pretensions.

One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outside, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money that he had lent him.

## How a Woman Bought a Ticket.

Fanny Fern enumerated a lot of things which she said no woman could do, but she forgot several items, and, among other things, she forgot to mention that the woman has never been found yet who can buy a railroad ticket and get herself safely on board a train without raising a general commotion and bothering everybody else around the place, and then she always looks as though she thought she ought to have a present of a new silk dress for getting on the car at all.

There was one of this kind of women went over to Newark the other day. She got down to the ferry about five minutes before the boat started, and of course she didn't have any ticket, so she stepped up to the office to buy one. First she asked the clerk what time the next train left for Newark.

"Six o'clock, madam."

"For what time is it now?"

"For the clerk pointed to the clock, which occupies a conspicuous position. "Oh, yes, I forgot." And then she took out her watch and found she was just about a minute and three-quarters slow. Of course she didn't alter the watch, she never intended to, but it was a satisfaction to know just how it was. By this time there were two or three more women and half a dozen men waiting behind her for a chance to buy tickets, but bless you! that woman paid no more attention to them than she did to the procession of the equinoxes. Finally, she remembered she wanted a ticket, so she felt for her pocket-book and couldn't find it, until she happened to think that it was in her reticule, which was fastened to her waist, so she got hold of that, and wriggled and twisted until she got it in front of her and managed to find the pocket-book. Of course it had money in every compartment, and the money was all wadded and twisted up so the book was ready to burst. First she unrolled a lot of large bills and rolled them up better; then she looked at some one's and two's, but concluded she wouldn't have a bill changed, so she rummaged around and found a lot of postal currency, but it wouldn't pay to have the clerk make change for her, so she hunted until she found a fifteen-cent stamp, then she got out a two-cent piece and then chased a three-cent piece all around that pocket-book, and when she captured it she laid down the twenty cents and looked at the ticket-man as though she expected to hear him thank her for saving him all the trouble of making change, but he didn't say anything of the kind, and didn't even look much as though he meant to.

Of course, anybody would think, when she had bought her ticket, this female might have got out of the way, but she wasn't quite ready yet. She had to look at the ticket and put it back in the port-monnaie, and put that in her haversack, and wriggle that back where it belonged, and then when she got in the narrow passage-way leading to the boat she had to stop and go through the whole performance again before she could tear off the coupon to give to the taker. Just then she saw a woman behind her whom she knew, and she couldn't wait another minute to talk over that terrible affair about poor old Mrs. Smith. Meantime the fifteen or twenty men behind her were talking about her. Most of what they said is in the Prayer Book, but not quite in the same order. By-and-by, however, she remembered she wanted to go to Newark, and the boat was just starting, so she had to run, and so did the men; and then they all came near missing the boat, and all because that woman couldn't attend to business in a business-like way.

There is a moral to this story which all women who travel will do well to ponder.—*New York Express.*

There were two seats in the car turned so as to face each other. One was occupied by a lady and the other by a Chinaman. Evidently the lady did not relish the presence of the Chinaman. She explained to him that she wished to take the cushions and their frames and place them lengthwise across from seat to seat. John said "all right," and got out in the aisle, and she proceeded to lie down on the bed thus improvised, with her head resting on her valise. She supposed that the Chinaman would take the hint that the lady wanted to rest in the space usually occupied by four persons. But John at once proceeded to crawl in and stretched himself by her side, with his head on a little bundle of his own. The Chinese are an imitative race, and like to do as others do, you know. The lady, as soon as she discovered that she had a bedfellow, got up a little wildly, and started for the next car, to the infinite amusement of the passengers, who had been watching the scene with some interest. John took no notice of the fun he had created, but went to sleep with the whole bed to himself.

A newly-married lady in Haddonfield, N. J., "just for fun," bit a snake in one of her husband's boots a few days ago. The result of the joke was somewhat peculiar. The husband, on discovering the mook reptile, first took a critical look at himself in a mirror, and then going to a closet, seized his demijohn and threw it far out into a neighboring pound.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister. "Why, do you understand those languages?" "No; but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

## Agricultural.

### Bermuda Grass.

We have had over twenty years' experience in the use of Bermuda, and can write with confidence of its advantages on the farm. A prominent advantage of this perennial grass is that it is very hardy, and a southern plant that will stand our hot, dry summer better than any European grass, red top, orchard grass, timothy, oat grass, foxtail and the fescues. We have tried these and several other English grasses by the side of Bermuda, and know the truth of what we write. It is, however, a mistake to depend on any one plant for the best pasture. Governor Gilmer, of Lexington, Georgia, improved his Bermuda pasture by raising clover with his Bermuda. In planting a good many acres in Bermuda for pasture, we have sown white clovered on some acres, red clovered on others, and lucerne on still more ground. Lucerne sends its roots very deep into the subsoil, and draws plant food lower than Bermuda. Red clover is biennial or lives but two years, unless from shattered seed; but lucerne lives eight or ten years, sometimes longer. A mixture of Bermuda and lucerne has given us the most satisfactory results. Unless the soil is naturally calcareous, it should be limed to some extent for lucerne or any clover. In fact blue grass and all other grasses do best on limestone land. Bermuda rarely forms seed, and the plant is propagated by cutting up its numerous runners and covering them lightly with a board as one may cotton seed or corn. The rows should be sown broadcast to occupy the whole ground till the Bermuda has time to grow, spread and cover the earth with a firm turf. After William the Norman, his officers and soldiers, had conquered England, and Chivalry was in its meridian splendor, it was said that a gentleman could be bred from the ranks in three generations, but that it took three hundred years to make a good green sword.

PLASTER OF PARIS AS A MANURE FOR VINES.—I have a large quantity of grapes planted in the open ground, and rained on poles and wires along the gravel walks. In planting these I had the holes dug about twenty-five inches deep; I then threw into each hole five or six lumps of old plaster, about the size of my fist. I threw a little earth over these lumps, and then planted the vines in the usual way. The result has been wonderful; the vines, which were not an inch thick when planted three years ago, are now two inches and more in diameter, and bear finely. The grapes are also free from disease. Other vines, not so treated, are much smaller and produce less, the fruit being also more liable to disease. To try the effect of this plaster, in planting two American black walnuts, we put the plaster to the one and not to the other. The former grew twice as fast as the other. Last year we dug about the roots of the one to which no plaster was put, and we threw in seven or eight large lumps of plaster among the roots; the trees are now both of the same size, and though only four years old, are sixteen to seventeen feet high.—*P. P., Italy, in The Garden.*

## Hogs.

A few brood sows of improved breed will be enough for a family. It is poor economy for a farmer to buy his pork, when two sows well taken care of will give him all the hog meat his family and a few hirelings will require during the year, and also lard and sausage and small bones, those great delicacies so enjoyed by everybody for breakfast and supper. Under the old plan, it was cheaper to buy Western pork than to raise it, but experience has proven that with improved breeds and high feeding, it is a great economy to raise your own pork. Hogs at eight months old will, or ought to, weigh 300 pounds—and the second litter a year, can be made into pork for family use at three months, weighing eighty to one hundred pounds, or sold to the butcher when they command high prices. To this is to be added now and then a superior one sold as a breeder for \$20 at eight or ten weeks old.

A SCRAP BOOK.—Every farmer should keep a scrap book in which to paste agricultural scraps. Every one, in reading a paper, will see a number of things which he will wish to remember. He will perhaps see suggestions, the value of which he will desire to test, or hints which he wants to be governed by in future operations. And yet, after reading the paper he will probably never see it again. In such a case all the valuable articles will be lost. To prevent such a loss every reader should clip from the papers such articles as he desires to preserve and remember, and paste them in a scrap book. Such a book, at the end of a year or two, will be very interesting and valuable.

Young men who want to learn farming without hard work had better not attempt it. Nor should any one attempt to learn it who has an idea that it is a business requiring little brain or knowledge to conduct successfully. There are some such who are asking where they can go to learn to become farmers. The only reply is, go to work whenever you can get a chance to do so on a farm. If you are not willing to do so, better measure tape.

## A Nervous Officer.

A good story has been told of a lying officer in the United States Army having been victimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lying officer, the lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he one day in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lying friend, "how would you do, (those a shell with an inch fathes should drop it) taken in a walled angle in which you had shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it was certain if you put out your nose you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the captain, winking at the circle, "why, take it coolly, and spit on the fuses."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in clusters, when along came the lying lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment this morning, and these few exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in the hottest center a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade grounds, the road being built up for defense; the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out if you love me," shouted the captain.

"Thit on the canther," shouted he, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised his window and out he bounded, sans culottes, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there was no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I got to say, then, th," said the lieutenant, "that you might have thafely done it; for I'll thware there wasn't a thingle grain of powder in it!"

The captain has never spoke of nervousness since.

## Norway and Sweden.

An esteemed correspondent, now traveling in Northern Europe, remarks as follows: "Never could more dissimilar nations be united under one government than Norway and Sweden. Norway clings with the most absurd tenacity to old things and old ways of doing them, while Sweden is ready to advance with the rest of the world. The difference appears strikingly on the line of railroad between Christiania and Stockholm. The road is about 400 miles long, of which say 100 are in Norway and 300 in Sweden. The time for express trains is about 20 hours. Of this, something like 8 hours is taken for the Norwegian 100 miles, leaving 12 hours—really only 11 hours—for the Swedish 300 miles, or 12 miles against 25 miles per hour. But the most of the travel in Norway is by the very old fashion of carriages and post horses, the principal roads—under government care—being in good order and the speed averaging, with push, six or seven miles per hour. The American Consul in Christiania—which is the only live part of Norway—is trying hard to get our mowers and reapers into use there, though thus far with indifferent success.

In Sweden, these things are being taken hold of with something like freedom. The Swedes are, evidently, a contriving and mechanical people, and in such things very much in advance of their neighbors. They are just the kind of people to be at home in America, and the very best kind of people America could have. In both countries, as well as in Great Britain, I heard the loudest kind of lamentation over the great emigration to America. Lack of laborers causes strikes and high prices, they say, and reduces the means of the old countries and the values at the same time. Land, generally, seems to have touched its highest point everywhere on this side the ocean, and to be falling with no little rapidity, and with an ever diminishing number of purchasers. Of course I speak generally and most particularly. What shall we do about it? It seems to be an absorbing question, in each of the countries through which I have passed. The story of success in America flows back from every pen; and these who remain, having friends who have gone before, are in nearly every case anxious only to get away themselves."

A Kentucky paper contains a report of a recent wedding, in which "the bride was not particularly handsome, but her father threw in seven mules and the husband was satisfied."

A Scotch lady who was discompoed by the introduction of gas, asked with much earnestness, "What's to become o' the poor whies?"

## The Noble Berengé.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tulle beneath the hair. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot, get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the shroud, and as he gazed upon the rough box, agonized tears streamed down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry the words, "Only once; let me see mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his lips sprang apart, fire glittering through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh and screamed: "When I am a man I'll kill you for that!"

Between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built in the boy's heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye, to plead for the erring friendless. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convincing.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot," he said.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago this day you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy!"

The man turned livid.

"Have you recued me, then, to take my life?"

"No. I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child!"

The man bowed his head in shame and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible.

## A Famous Hill.

Situated in Anne Arundel county, Md. distant about four miles from Baltimore and near the old Annapolis road, is a spot known as Morris hill, but there are few persons now living who know of the origin of its name. About ninety years ago, according to a local tradition, when it was the custom of every gentleman to have his valet, a wealthy Englishman, accompanied by his English servant, started from Annapolis for Baltimore, the journey to be made in a carriage. One fine afternoon the Englishman ordered his valet, whose name was Morris, to turn the horses into a beautiful grove near the road and shove him into the carriage. The master being desirous of presenting as neat an appearance as possible upon his entrance into the city. The valet did as ordered, but instead of shoving his master he murdered him by cutting his throat. He then stripped the body of its clothing, after which the corpse was placed under the trunk of a fallen tree and covered up with brushwood and leaves. The valet then secured a large amount of money and valuables which had belonged to his master and came on to Baltimore.

A few days after the murder a farmer living near by where the deed of blood had been committed had his attention attracted by a large number of buzzards that flew in a circle over one particular spot, and upon investigating the cause he was horrified to find the mutilated body which had been concealed under the fallen tree. The farmer immediately made known his discovery to the proper authorities, and in due time the body was recognized. Morris was arrested and gibbeted.

In those days the law required that all persons gibbeted should be left suspended on the scaffold until the flesh of the criminal had either been consumed by carnivorous birds or destroyed by decomposition. Such was the fate of Morris. He was executed upon the spot where he had slain his master, and from that day to this the place has been known as "Morris Hill."

THE HOLLOW LOG.—That "honesty is the best policy" may be exemplified by the following little incident: A man at Belmont, Mo., sold to a mill owner a saw log, which proved to be hollow. As he sold it for a sound log he voluntarily went and gave back the price, and hauling it to his own yard, chopped it up for firewood. In this operation he found ten \$5 gold pieces which somebody had secreted in it.

## How Daniel Drew Spelt Door.

The Chicago Post vouches for the following story: A good story is told by a friend of Daniel Drew, which the news of his illness calls up. Remaining one evening late in his office, and having occasion to use the safe, he permitted the cashier to go home, remarking that he would close the safe and fix the combination on the word "door." But when the cashier undertook to open the safe in the morning he found that the lock refused to yield to the magic "door." He tried and tried again, but without success. Finally, happening to remember that Daniel's early education had been neglected, he attributed his ill luck to orthography. He therefore tried the lock upon "dore." Still no success; and then upon "door," with no better fortune. Finally becoming disgusted, he proceeded to the St. Nicholas, routed "Dan!" out of his choicest morning nap, and as he stuck his nightcap out of the door the colloquy ensued: Mr. Drew, I can't open the safe on 'door.' You must have concluded to change the word. 'Nobin' o' the kind. I shut it on 'dore.' 'Are you sure, sir?' 'Sure, sir, you tarna! ape; of course I'm sure. Go back to your work, and don't come foolin' round here this time o' the mornin'."

"Well, perhaps, Mr. Drew, I don't spell the word right. How did you spell it?" "Any fool can spell door. D-o-a-r-e, dore of course, sir. If you can't spell door, sir, you're no cashier for me. Pack up your duds and go out of the 'dore.'" And shutting the "door" in the cashier's face Daniel returned to his bed in a passion, and the clerk to his safe. Armed with the open sesame of "dore," however, the safe flew open without trouble, and when Daniel arrived, mollified by a good breakfast and his morning prayer, he advised his cashier that he might keep his place provided he would improve his time and "go to spellin' skool in the evenin'."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECRET.—It was a beautiful answer of the Queen of England—the monarch of a free people, reigning more by love than law, because seeking to reign in the fear of God—it was a noble answer she gave to an African Prince, who sent an ambassador with costly presents, and asked her in return to sell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory; and the Queen sent him not the number of her fleet, nor the number of her armies, nor the account of her boundless merchandise, nor the details of her inexhaustible wealth.

She did not, like Heczekiah, in an evil hour show the ambassador her diamonds and her jewels, and her rich ornaments; but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said: "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

The Professor of natural philosophy in a certain college gave the class a problem to think over during the night and answer the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the centre of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through, and how would it come to a state of rest?" The next morning a fellow was called up on this philosophical problem. "What answer do you give this question?" asked the professor. "Well, really," said he, "I have not thought of the main question, but of a preliminary one. How are you going to get that hole through?"

A loving husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the husband: "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done every thing her power to do it, doctor, but she can't get the glass higher than her mouth."

An absent-minded professor in going out the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of the former mishap, he called out, with a look of rage in his countenance, "Is that you again, you brute?"

The largest Baptist Church in the world is Mr. Spurgeon's in London, which returns a membership of 4,366. The second largest is the old First African, in Richmond, Va., and the third is, curiously enough, in India, in the city of Ongola, which has a membership of 2,857.

There are 100 Protestant churches planted in Italy, and all are enjoying more or less prosperity. In Rome 10,000 children are in the municipal schools, formerly under papal direction; but now no priest is admitted as a teacher.

What is the difference between you and my old doll?" asked a little girl of her sister's snobbish beau. "Aw—wellly, my little deah, I can't say—aw." "Well, you have an eye-glass and my doll has a glass eye," said the triumphant ublin.

The revisers of the authorized version of the New Testament, at their thirty-sixth session, revised the 4th chapter of the Epistle of St. James and part of the first Epistle of St. Peter.



**Wilmington Transcript.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1874.

**South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana; their present condition a fulfillment of prophecy.**

Dispatches from Washington, of a recent date, inform us that a delegation of men from the down-trodden, pillaged and ruined State of South Carolina visited President Grant, a few days ago, to inform him of their great grievances, and to make an appeal for Federal interposition in their behalf. Of course, their tale of woe was not previously unknown to the President. They communicated no "new information" to him, on that point. No one, in this country, knows better than President Grant the degradation to which the South has fallen.

The President is reported to have expressed great sympathy for the helpless and impoverished taxpayers, and said he had no doubt their governments are very bad. Of course, he knows that they are utterly corrupt, and as despotic as hatred and ignorance can make them. Nobody knows the facts better than President Grant, but, it is said, he replied that "he did not see how they could be helped." Oh, no! these are white men who are now calling for aid, and there is no help for a distressed white man from a Radical Administration. The sympathies and affections of Radicals are for negroes only.

The President could call upon Congress to do him with the despotic power to suspend the writ of Habeas Corpus in a time of peace and in violation of the constitution, and an obsequious Congress could grant the request, when that power was to be exercised, as it was most reluctantly, to harass, arrest, convict and imprison white men in the interest of negroes; but he does not see how he can protect white men from the confessedly bad governments of plundering carpet-baggers and beastly negroes.

Also for the rarely of Radical charity—to white folks. Truly the Radicals "love darkness rather than light," doubtless because "their deeds are evil."

But our chief object in calling attention to the present mournful condition of the Southern States is to show that it is a most remarkable and literal fulfillment of prophecy. Not, it is true, a prophecy to be found in the sacred writings, whose authors were directly inspired by Divinity, but the prediction of a great genius, who, in knowledge of the science of government, has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times. Of whose "Disquisition on Government" it has been remarked by one of the most philosophical Statesmen of our day, that "it will outlive the language in which it was written." We allude to the great Southerner, John C. Calhoun—*durum et venerabile nomen*. In the "Address of the Southern Delegates in Congress, to their Constituents," written confidentially by Mr. Calhoun, in February 1849, a quarter of a century ago, this paragraph occurs:—

If it (emancipation of the slaves) should ever be effected, it will be through the agency of the Federal Government, controlled by the dominant power of the Northern States of the Confederacy, against the resistance and strength of the Southern. It can only be effected by the prostration of the white race; and that would necessarily engender the bitterest feelings of hostility between them and the North. But the reverse would be the case between the blacks of the South and the people of the North. Owing their emancipation to them, they would regard them as friends, guardians and patrons, and, as such, accordingly, all their sympathy in them. The people of the North would not fail to respond, and to favor them instead of the whites; and the influence of such feelings, and impelled by fanaticism and love of power, they would not stop at emancipation. Another step would be taken—to raise them to political and social equality with their former owners, by giving them the right of voting and holding public offices under the Federal Government.

But when once raised to an equality, they would become the fast political associates of the North, acting and voting with them on all questions; and, by this political union between them, holding the reins of power in the South in complete subordination to the North, would be the inevitable result of Federal emancipation and social equality, in consequence of which the whole of the South would be a vassal State of the North.

become the permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, poverty, misery and wretchedness.

The author of a book full of graphic descriptions of "The Giant Cities of Babylon," through which he had recently travelled, after giving an account of crumbling walls and prostrate columns, and of "the very brambles that weave a beautiful mantle round the fallen monuments of man's genius and power," quotes the following prophecy as applicable to the existing conditions—"Thorns shall come up in her palaces; nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof;" and adds, "They are here!" So a traveller through the lately prosperous and happy South, when reading of "the permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, poverty, misery and wretchedness" will sorrowfully say—they are here!

### Anti-Liquor Movement in Wilmington.

A "crusade" against the liquor traffic has been begun by the ladies of Wilmington. Not after the style and manner of the women of the West, but in a way which will, probably, have a better and more lasting effect. At a meeting on Wednesday afternoon last they formed themselves into a Temperance Society, "determined to use every rightful means within their power to stop the commerce of death." A paper styled "The Voice of the Clergyman against Alcohol" was presented to, and readily signed by, the various ministers of the city protesting against the sale of intoxicating drinks, and resolutions were adopted pledging the members of the society against the use of intoxicating liquors in any shape, and against patronizing grocers and others who sell liquors or who have signed applications for license to drinking places.

Petitions were prepared for presentation to Congress and the State Legislature for stringent enactments against the importation, manufacture and sale of liquors. And, also, to the Superior Court against the granting of any licenses for the sale of liquor, &c.

While we do not endorse all that is contained in the preamble and resolutions adopted by the Wilmington ladies we commend their course as far preferable to the unfeminine method in which the "crusade" is carried on at the West, and the parties of the country. We have been surprised at the large number of "Notices of intention to apply for license" to sell liquors that have appeared in the Wilmington papers. However much the necessities of the travelling public may require the sale of liquor at Hotels, there certainly can be no necessity for the many run holes, called "saloons," for which license is asked, and if our impartial Court will be as strict at the approaching term in New Castle County as they were in Sussex last October, and refuse license to all such places, they will merit the approbation of the entire people of the county as well as of Wilmington.

### The Results of Radical Rule.

[From the Wilmington Advertiser.]

Three great commonwealths, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, present to the calm observer a picture without parallel in the history of the past fifteen hundred years. Since the barbarians burst into the Roman world, and with their conquering swords, overturned the culture and civilization which gave to civilized man—laws, liberty, art, arms, literature and poetry, no such calamitous event has taken place, as the process of barbarism, now going on in the States named.

It was feared that the reconstruction policy would have made the South a hotbed of discontent, this would have been bad enough—but it has done worse—it has barbarized and beggared three of its greatest States. It is conceded that the white people are fleeing away from negro rule, in the States named. Three negro commonwealths are sure to arise—two now exist in those unfortunate States. With the example of Hayti, San Domingo and Jamaica before our eyes, it requires no prophet to foretell ugly scenes and conflicts in the near future. The negro mode of rule is not our way—his wants are not such as press upon us—his demands in the future will be certain to smack of the barbarian, and one of the results certain to come will be a re-conquest of those States from the negroes by white men. They are now partially lost to civilization, and we must mistake the character of our people, if such political ulcers will be permitted to smolder, if bright swords can cut them out.

The common council of Jeffersonville, Ind., has passed an ordinance, by two majority, requiring liquor dealers to pay \$500 for a license. The German element view this as equivalent to proscription, and some of the leading citizens who are of that race have quit the place and taken refuge in Louisville.

A westward bound freight train ran into a train standing on the track at Bunker Station, sixty miles west of Fort Jervis, N. Y., Tuesday night. The engine and several cars were demolished and burned up. No person was seriously injured.

St. George W. Teschke, a leading member of the Baltimore Bar, died at his residence in that city last Thursday week, (26th inst.)

The bell punch, which the London Times describes as "an ingenious piece of mechanism," is now used by some of the London street car companies.

One Adeline Thomas has been appointed matron of the Washington House, Wash. D. C.

### Proceedings of Congress.

**MONDAY.**

**SENATE.**—The bill to provide for the redemption and reissue of United States notes and for free banking was taken up, the question being upon the motion to strike out the second section of the bill, which refers to the redemption of United States notes after January 1, 1875, in specified sums in gold, or coupons or registered bonds of the United States of the denomination of \$50, or some multiple of that sum, as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, redeemable in coin after ten years from the date of their issue, bearing interest of five per cent. &c., said bonds to be exempt from taxation. Mr. Sherman hoped the motion would not prevail, as it was the most important feature of the bill. The motion was carried by a vote of yeas 28, nays 23. A large number of Senators were paired and did not vote. Mr. Morton moved to strike out the fourth section of the bill, which provides for the retirement of United States notes in the ratio of seventy per cent. of the additional bond notes issued. Pending discussion on the motion the Senate adjourned.

**HOUSE.**—Mr. Lowndes, of Maryland, introduced a bill to pay Mrs. M. D. Dall, of Frederick city, Md., \$25,000 for losses during the late war. Mr. O'Brien, of Maryland, introduced a bill to give a pension to Mrs. General Reno; also a memorial of the merchants of Baltimore against the repeal of the fifty per cent. clause in the bankrupt law. The committee of ways and means reported a bill to admit free of duty all articles intended for the international exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. Mr. Graceland said the word "international" should be stricken out and the word "centennial" substituted. He did not wish in this way to commit the House. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, replied the House had already committed itself to that word. Objection was made to the bill and it was not considered.

**TUESDAY.**

**SENATE.**—A memorial signed by several thousand citizens of California, asking legislation to prevent the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, was presented and referred. The committee on finance reported a bill authorizing the coinage of twenty-cent silver pieces. The consideration of the finance bill was then resumed. Mr. Morrill made a motion to amend the fourth section of the bill so as to provide that ninety per cent. instead of seventy per cent. of United States notes shall be retired as additional national bank currency is issued. This was rejected—yeas 20, nays 37. The question then returned on the motion of Mr. Morton to strike out the fourth section, which was carried—yeas 29, nays 27. The rejected section relates to the retiring of United States notes equal to seventy per cent. of the circulating notes in reduction of the whole volume of legal tenders authorized by the act, until the aggregate amount of outstanding notes shall be \$300,000,000, and authorizes the sale of United States bonds for notes to be retired and cancelled. Several amendments were subsequently moved, discussed and rejected.

**HOUSE.**—A petition of tax-payers of South Carolina, asking investigation into the affairs of that State, was referred. Discussion was then resumed on the bill in relation to the purchase by the United States of the Louisville and Portland canal. Several amendments were adopted, and the bill as amended, as a substitute for the Senate bill, was passed. The currency bill was then taken up and discussion had thereon until the adjournment.

**WEDNESDAY.**

**SENATE.**—The finance bill introduced by Mr. Sherman was under consideration. The first movement was on the amendment of Mr. Gordon providing for free banking and an apportionment to each of the States of circulation according to wealth and population, based on the amount now outstanding in the State of Maine. Mr. Davis moved to amend by basing the circulation on Pennsylvania instead of Maine. This proposition was accepted by Mr. Gordon, but was rejected by the Senate. A motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, that the maximum limit of fractional currency shall be forty millions, and the amount in excess shall be withdrawn as soon as practicable, was laid—yeas 19, nays 30. Mr. Sherman moved an amendment requiring that the banks shall keep their entire reserves in their own vaults, and no bank to redeem its notes at any other place than over its own counter. Mr. Sherman gave notice that he intended to offer other amendments, including a modified form of the second section of the bill, which had been stricken out. Pending further discussion the Senate adjourned.

**HOUSE.**—The Senate bill supplementary to the act of May 10th, 1872, to develop the mining resources of the United States was passed. The special order, the currency bill, was then discussed by Messrs. Phelps of New Jersey, Hawley of Connecticut, Eldridge of Wisconsin, and E. R. Hoar. At the evening session consideration of the revised code was resumed. Several amendments were adopted, after which the bill was read a third time and passed.

**THURSDAY.**

**SENATE.**—The finance bill was again under consideration. Mr. Davis offered an amendment in the nature of a substitute providing for the transfer of fifty millions of dollars of circulation from the States in excess to the States of the South and West; rejected. The amendment of Mr. Merrimon, of North Carolina, offered several days ago, providing for forty-five millions additional bank circulation, thus placing the entire paper circulation of the country at \$800,000,000, divided equally between the government issues and the banks, was adopted by a vote of yeas 33, nays 19.

**HOUSE.**—Debate on the currency bill was resumed. Mr. Dawes said New England would favor free banking and free banks provided there were proper and needful safeguards placed around them. Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, opposed the withdrawal of legal tenders. He would take the whole wealth and property of the nation and put it behind the greenbacks for their redemption.

### Items of General News.

The centennial trade committees of Philadelphia met on Monday and reported sundry subscriptions towards the exposition. The chairman presented the following resume: Received originally from citizens, \$1,000,000; from the city councils, \$500,000; from steam railroads, (estimated) \$500,000; from the State, \$1,000,000; received since the recent meeting in Independence Square, \$150,000. This, with \$1,000,000 expected from the councils leaves but \$850,000 to be raised. The committee of the city passenger railways expect to raise \$250,000.

**DEATH OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SENATOR BENTON.**—Madame Gaudin Boileau, the wife of Baron Boileau, of Paris, daughter of the late Senator Thos. H. Benton, and sister of Mrs. General Fremont, died in Paris on the 10th inst. Her husband was recently sentenced to prison for three years for participation in the Memphis and El Paso railroad affair, in which Gen. Fremont was engaged, and her death is attributed to the anxiety and mortification resulting from her husband's troubles. She leaves six small children.

Masked robbers, Sunday night, entered a house in Jersey City, N. J., in which dwells the watchman of Denzmit & Bros. jewelry manufactory, threw him to the floor, bound and gagged him, and because he would not give them the key of the factory, which he did not have, they piled about him bedding saturated with oil, and set it on fire. The watchman succeeded in freeing himself and escaping from the flames, but the house was burned.

At Hamilton, Ohio, Thomas McGeehan was shot in the head, in a drunken quarrel, on Monday night, but his wounds are not considered fatal. It was while acting as counsel for defence in McGeehan's trial for murder that Clement L. Vallandigham lost his life.

A two thousand dollar pigeon shooting match which was to have come off in New York Saturday between Ira Paine, of that city, and James Ward, of Canada, was stopped through the instrumentality of Bergh. But it took place shortly after ward in Connecticut, and resulted in the success of Paine by a score of 81 to 78.

The words between Washington, South river and South Amboy, N. J., have been burning seriously for several days. Travel between these places has been almost impossible at times, but it is believed the fire can be kept under control.

A number of ex-Confederate soldiers in South Carolina recently exhumed the bones of two Union soldiers, buried in neglected graves on the roadside, enclosed them in handsome coffins, and forwarded them to their homes, in Ohio.

Sparks from a locomotive Friday night ignited brush near Farmington, Long Island, and in a remarkably short time five hundred acres of timber land were in flames. Rain Saturday morning gave a decided check to the fire. A number of cattle and a boy were burned.

A school mistress, at Felix, Ohio, recently attempted to punish an unruly boy. He made a savage rush at her with a club, when she seized a chair to defend herself, and struck him a blow which proved fatal.

Governor Kemper, of Virginia, has signed the act to designate the arbitrator to ascertain and fix the boundary between the States of Maryland and Virginia.

Several deputies have presented resolutions in the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath requiring the government to expel from the country the Jesuits and all orders affiliated thereto.

It is rumored that there is trouble between Roumania and Turkey, growing out of the action of the former in fixing customs tariffs with her European powers.

Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., has just received a gift of \$50,000, to be made immediately available for educational purposes. The donor's name is not stated.

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter is spoken of for Congress from the Fredericksburg (Va.) district.

**NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1874.**

**Editor Transcript:**—DEAR SIR: In my last to you I stated that ere many moons passed, something out of the ordinary line of political action inside the Republican ranks would take place in this city. The two meetings of last week, both of Cooper Institute and Steinway Hall, verify the prediction, and when such Republicans as Elliott C. Cowdin, George Oplyke, and Jackson Shultz leave the van, backed as they undoubtedly are by the leading capitalists of this country—A. T. Stewart, Wm. B. Astor, &c., they evidently mean business. It is a self-evident fact that these men are disgusted with the policy of the present Administration in regard to inflation; besides, they are unwilling to continue to give the weight and character of their names to fill the coffers of a set of office-holders without character or competency.

The enormous financial results from the thrash and private sources have been so profusely distributed in this city that, while the croakers cry "hard times," there is today less personal suffering than this city has ever known under the hardest pressure.

Everybody, as well as business men, seem to be in a fix concerning the inflation party in Congress; and the Administration squabble over a Senator from Massachusetts to fill the vacant seat of Charles Sumner is equally discussed—and generally with the hope and a petation of the Administration being defeated. The old commonwealth cannot afford to lose in this contest.

In local matters, the "biggest thing" to record is the Roman Hippodrome of P. T. Barnum, on Fourth and Madison Avenues and 20th and 21st Sts. The fact is that Barnum is going to make this the last grand strike of his active life for popular favor, and I doubt not that he will succeed.

"Balm of Gilead" is upon us, and that it will usher in a fruitful summer harvest, patches included, is the wish of Yours,

Connection will vote on next Monday. A well known Republican politician of the State is reported to have written in a private letter that in his judgment the present Democratic State officers have been "virtually re-elected for the last five years."

### New Advertisements.

**HAIL TO THE MONARCH!!**  
The World-Renowned Sig. Lorenzo **BLITZ**, (Pupil of the late-His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, the Greatest Necromancer in America, will give one of his entertainments in

**MIDDLETOWN HALL,**  
Saturday Ev'g, April 4, 1874.  
FOR BENEFIT OF SCHOOL DIST. NO. 94. Mr. Blitz will give to the public all the Latest and Most Novel Allusions of the present age. He will also introduce his Wonderful

**INDIAN BOX TRICK!**  
In which Mr. Blitz will have a committee selected from the audience to examine the box. Then Mr. Blitz will give a Sack—the sack to be examined which he will have his assistants and committee to tie the sack. Mr. Blitz will then lay him on the box and cover him over, after removing the cover, he is found in the box, on the ropes being unneeded and untied.

Mr. Blitz will introduce his **ROYAL MARIONETTES** From St. James' Hall, England. Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 35 cents. Children, 15 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock; commence at 8.

**Membrino and Abdallah Stallion, SLASHER.**  
Slasher, bay, 16 hands, 4 years old, sired by Ashland, son of Mambrino Chief. 1st dam, Young Pease Blossom, Van Sicken's Ashland No. 1 of Old Ashland, 2d dam, Peach Blossom, by Mambrino, Jr., son of Old Mambrino, 3d dam Nostrand mare, by Bellfounder, will make the season of 1874, at Odessa, Del., Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; at St. Georges, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

**Hambletonian Stallion, DUNLAP.**  
Dunlap, bay, 16 hands, 4 years old, sired by Knickerbocker, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam, the Lemm mare, by Paul Clifford, son of Hill's Vermont Black Hawk. Paul Clifford's dam by Young Hambletonian by Bishop's Hambletonian, by Imp. Messenger, will make the season of 1874, at St. Georges, Del., Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; at Summit Ridge Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

Slasher, to insure, \$20, by season. For circulars or other particulars, address THOMAS J. CRAVEN, St. Georges, Del.

### NOTICE.

James C. Townsend, do hereby give notice, that I intend to make application in writing to the Judges of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace and Jail Delivery of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, at its next (May) Term and New Castle County, at its next (May) Term, for a license to keep an Inn or Tavern, with the privilege of selling intoxicating liquors in less quantities than one quart, to be drunk on the premises, at the house known as "Townsend House," situated at the corner of Townsend's School District No. 21, of New Castle County, Delaware. The following freeholders residing in the said School District recommend the said application, to wit: Samuel Townsend, J. C. Wilson, David Wells, John Ginn, John E. Barlow, Samuel E. Townsend, Samuel T. Bouchell, Wm. B. Hollis, Charles Burns, JAMES C. TOWNSEND.

Townsend, April 1, 1874—31.

### CASH SALE

**Of Lumber.**  
The subscriber will sell at Public Sale, a lot of Spruce and Pine Lumber at St. Ann's Causeway, one mile from Middletown, on

**SATURDAY, APRIL 11, '74.**  
At 2 o'clock, P. M. Road Commissioners and carpenters will find it to their interest to attend.

WM. N. WILSON, App'r of Bd., April 3, 1874—21. L. C. C.

### INFORMATION WANTED

of Joseph Lee, aged 22 years, who formerly lived with William A. L. man at Brady's wine Springs, and left there in 1872. Any tidings of him will be thankfully received and suitably rewarded by his mother, at 2091 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. April 4—1t

### A Choice lot of Selected Varieties of PEACH TREES.

For Spring planting. Will be sold low if applied for soon to Mrs. M. H. BUDD, or J. THOS. BUDD, Middletown, April 4—1t.

### AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Full, complete and authentic. Sure to have a large and rapid sale. Price low. Address Quaker City Pub. Co. 217 & 219 Quince St., Philadelphia, Pa. April 4—4w

### AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Full, complete and authentic. Sure to have a large and rapid sale. Price low. Address Quaker City Pub. Co. 217 & 219 Quince St., Philadelphia, Pa. April 4—4w

### CAMPBORINE! THE UNIVERSAL MEDICINE

For the Household. TRY IT. PRICE PER BOTTLE, 25 CENTS. BECKMAN BOY, Proprietor, 203 Greenwich Street, New York. For sale by all Druggists. April 4—4w

### WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.

A STORY OF THE "NEW ENGLAND." T. S. ARTHUR'S latest and greatest work. The most remarkable uprising of modern times. A fitting sequel to his "Max-Tank" and "Ten Nights of a Deaf Man." Published at a low price to insure rapid sales and immense circulation. Friends of temperance, help to circulate it. Quaker City Pub. Co., 217 & 219 Quince St., Philadelphia, Pa. April 4—1t

### HURLY BURLY

The biggest thing yet. Humour, Wit, Pathos, Life, Fun and Laughter, 350 cuts. The people yearn for it. It will sell in all times! Show it to a man and he surrenders. It is sure every time. Don't bother with heavy books that nobody reads, humor is the thing that takes. Again we send you a copy of "HURLY BURLY" on the terms to TUDAY PUB. CO., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or Chicago. April 4—1t

### For Sale and Rent.

**FOR RENT.**  
A pleasant two-story dwelling, containing four rooms. On first floor, parlor, sitting room and kitchen; on second floor, four chambers; cellar under the kitchen; pump convenient. Driveway, stable and poultry house. Good garden. Large yard, well shaded, in front and rear of dwelling. Situated on the State road, one mile below Odessa. All in good condition. Possession given on the 25th of March ensuing. For terms, &c., inquire of JAMES M. JOHNS, Odessa, Del.

**GOOD SEED OATS**  
**FOR SALE.**  
PRICE—Sixty cents, Cash on delivery. mar 28—1t

**FOR RENT.**  
A good Store-house and Dwelling at Bohemian Mills, Cecil County, Md. Apply to W. P. HIRONS, Crumpton, Md.

**FOR SALE.**  
15 TONS PRIME CLOVER HAY, by the ton. M. N. WILLETS.

**FOR RENT.**  
TWO DWELLING HOUSES and a STORE-ROOM on Main street, Middletown. Apply to C. J. SMITH, at her Millinery store on Main st.

**FOR SALE.**  
A first-class piano-top box CARRIAGE, J. M. Cox & Bro. makers; has never been used. One set of Single CARRIAGE HARNESS, with breast-strap, good as new; and a well-bred CUL, 10 months old, sired by Wood's Bashaw horse and an extra well-bred mare. Terms moderate. mar 21—3t. J. L. PRICE, Middletown, Del.

**FOR RENT.**  
THE valuable Business Stand and Dwelling, with excellent Stable, Carriage House, and yard, on the N. E. corner of Main and Cass Sts., Middletown, Del. Apply to J. THOS. BUDD, mar 21—1t. Agent for J. B. Dunkeyne.

**FOR SALE.**  
Early Rose Potatoes, for Seed. PRICE—\$1.50. mar 13—3t. Apply to W. A. COCHRAN.

**FOR SALE.**  
A quantity of SUPERIOR TIMOTHY HAY. Apply to WM. R. COCHRAN.

**FOR RENT, CHEAP.**  
A large and comfortable dwelling, with large garden and yard, two miles from Middletown. Apply to B. F. HANSON, on the premises, or to E. H. COCHRAN, Middletown, Del.

**SAGE! SAGE! SAGE!**  
3000 SAGE PLANTS FOR SALE, BY WILLIAM A. FINLEY, Townsend, Del. mar 14—3t.

**FOR RENT.**  
TWO Store Rooms on Main street, opposite the Peninsular Machine Works, suitable for Millinery or Trimming Shop. Use of them is at present in the tenure of Mrs. Mary E. Haver. Apply to J. H. SCOWDRICK, Jan 24th—1t.

**FOR SALE.**  
A span of well matched, handsome BAY HORSES, very stylish, good travellers, can trot in 4 minutes. Apply JOHN W. CAVERDER, Bohemian Manor, Md. mch 12—2t.

**Hotels, &c.**  
**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
Opposite R. R. Depot, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

HAVING taken the above well-known house, I am prepared to accommodate my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates. The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Spirits. Patronage solicited. JACKSON BRIANT, Proprietor, Oct 11—6m

**NEW HOTEL**  
At Townsend, Del.

**TOWNSEND HOUSE.**  
OPEN June 1st, 1872, will accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders at very reasonable rates. The bar, with all times be stocked with choice wines, liquors, Tobacco and Segars. Fine viewers in season. Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public patronage generally. JAMES C. TOWNSEND, Proprietor, June 8—1t.

**THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION, LIBERTY.**  
Will make the Spring season at Middletown, Del., commencing April 1st. TERMS. For one mare, \$50.00; two mares, \$45.00 per mare; three mares, \$40.00 per mare. In every case, \$10.00 of the above amounts shall be paid in certain money, and the balance when the mare proves to be with foal. An inspection of his colts is invited. Premium of \$100 offered for the get of '74. For full particulars, apply to

**Hambletonian Stock Association,**  
mar 21—1t. Middletown, Del.

**AT JOHNSON'S**  
**Fashionable Boot, Shoe and Hat Store**  
In Smyrna, Del.

You will find a splendid line of Ladies' Hats and Children's Button GAITERS, made to order and of varied styles to make a selection. Latest styles of HATS constantly on hand. All Goods at city prices. Extra hand-made French RIB BOOTS and other state stock now offered at Cost. B. M. & W. T. JOHNSON, Smyrna, Del. Feb 21—1t

**ONE CENT REWARD.**  
RAN away from the subscriber, an indentured COLORED GIRL, about twelve years old, the name of Jane Lloyd. All persons are forbidden from harboring or assisting her on any account. Rewarding at \$100.00. J. S. A. LOWN, mar 28—2t



